is told in a succession of metopes, each a complete picture framed in its triglyphs, standing out like the single combats which are successively presented to the eye in the battles in the Iliad, detached from the main action; in the metopes, as in the description, from the infinite variety of movement and grouping, there is no monotony in the iteration of subject.

If we turn our eye from the bold projection of the metopes to the interior of the peristyle, we then behold, in a more subdued light and in a slighter relief, the matchless frieze. If in the pediments we see the perfect beauty of divine forms as created by the hand of Phidias, if the metopes represent that second mythic period, the heroic age, so in the frieze do we see revealed to us the actual life of antiquity. The people among whom Phidias lived stand before us in bodily presence, as every five years in the most sacred festival of their city they moved in solemn array to the temple of their tutelary goddess. The procession of this frieze, from its continuity and the nature of its subject, is more studied and better understood by the public than the rest of the sculptures in the Elgin room, but Mr. Lucas has done good service by showing in his model its relation to the metopes, and the consequent difference in the depth of its relief, to suit the diminished quantity of light. See some excellent remarks on this subject in the "Penny Cyclopædia," Basso relievo. We have glanced at a few chief features in Mr. Lucas's model, rather by way of invitation to the public to examine it for themselves, than as an accurate account of it. Our limits will not here permit us to do justice to a work the result of so much enterprize, judgment, research, and artistic power.

Nothing but the most resolute will and earnest study of the antique would have enabled Mr. Lucas to deal with the many difficult questions which this question involved; to ascertain the original motive of the pedimental compositions, it was necessary for him to examine and compare the arguments of the different writers on the mythology of the Parthenon,—arguments full of learned allusion, written mostly in foreign languages, and appealing to habits of thought novel to the English mind. With infinite tact, Mr. Lucas has selected out of conflicting elements all the material most useful for his purpose; he has deferred to received authority, embodied suggestion, and, where conflicting theories were irreconcileable, he has with æsthetic acumen cut the Gordian knot of controversy, and restored the composition according to such analogies of design as an artist only can perceive. We regret that we can do no more than mention the chryselephantine of the Virgin Goddess, who stands all glorious within the cella, arrayed with a gorgeousness that would have tempted the cupidity of the temple-robbing monarch, Dionysius of Syracuse; nor can we enter upon the *cerata quæstio* of the metallic and polychrome decorations of the Parthenon, which Mr. Lucas has, we think wisely, as far as possible eschewed.

Enabled by this model to realize more definitely the idea of the great design in which architecture, sculpture, and painting were so marvellously combined by Phidias into one harmonious composition, conveying by three different forms of expression, and, as it were, trilingually, one great idea, we are naturally led to turn our eyes on the present condition of English art.

Why have we, in this country, arbitrarily put asunder what the Greeks had joined—Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture? Why did we set apart these three fair sisters at their second birth—the *renaissance*—and with step-motherly nurture bring them up in separate establishments, teaching them separate aims and principles of action, and giving to them divided interests? why, having done this, do we now as arbitrarily bring them together, after so many years of estrangement, and expect from them all at once, readiness in co operation and common principles of design in the execution of our public works? The great task now demanded from English art, the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, so that on those walls shall be written the chronicle of the British race, in those niches enshrined the memory of their great men, in those windows "richly dight," the heraldic splendour of her regal lines—this subject, pregnant with great ideas, must not be made "a declaration and a theme" for a half-taught school, nor can be dealt with by combining into one patchwork the compositions of single artists, working without concert or unity of purpose. It must be treated by a school directed by one mind, and taught to work out harmoniously, portions of one great design; to give utterance with one voice, to the great thought of which the design of such a building should bear the impress.

PRYOR'S BANK, FULHAM.

In a previous number of our journal,* we gave an engraving of an Electoral Chair belonging to Mr. Baylis, of the Pryor's Bank, Fulham, and said we might one day lay before our readers, some account of the extraordinary collection of Gothic decorations and utensils, deposited in that quaintest of quaint residences. The current number of *Fraser's Magazine* contains a charming article on this very subject, illustrated by twenty-nine woodcuts; and although to convey any thing like a complete account of Pryor's Bank, its treasures, and the kindnesses of its owners, Mr. Baylis and Mr. Whitmore, would need a volume, instead of the article sixteen pages long, here devoted to them, a very clear and pleasant notion of all is given by it.

A passing glance externally, as you pass over Putney-bridge, would ascribe it to the Cockney Gothic tribe; internally it is a mine of interest. "The whole edifice," says the writer in *Fraser*, "from the kitchen to the bed-rooms is a museum, arranged with a view to pictorial effect; and if it were to be called 'the Museum of British Antiquities,' it would be found more worthy of the name than the national institution so designated. Rich as that collection is in the classic works of Italy and Greece, and the mysterious remains (until recently) of ancient Egypt; specimens illustrative of Norman, Saxon, Romano-British, and Celtic manners, tastes, and manufactures are sought for in vain in the building nominally appropriated by the nation for their reception, arrangement, and preservation. Equally deficient is the British Museum in medieval antiquities, and the consequence is, that the artist who desires truthfulness in an English work, knows not where to seek for the necessary information.

In a print, published about forty years since, by J. Edington, 64, Gracechurch-street, of Fulham Church, as seen from the river, the ancient aspect of the modern Pryor's Bank is preserved. The situation of this humble residence having attracted the fancy of Mr. Walsh Porter, he purchased it, raised the building by an additional story, replaced its latticed casements by windows of coloured glass, and fitted the interior with grotesque embellishments and theatrical decorations; and here he had frequently the honour of receiving and entertaining the late king, George IV., when Prince of Wales. It was then called Vine Cottage, and having been disposed of by Mr. Porter, became, in 1813, the residence of Lady Hawarden, and, subsequently, of William Holmes, Esq., M.P., who sold it to Mr. Baylis and Mr. Lechmere Whitmore about 1834.

By them a luxurious vine which covered the exterior was cut down, and the cottage, named after it, replaced by a modern antique house. Mr. Baylis being a true antiquary, his good taste induced him to respect neglected things, when remarkable as works of art, and inspired him and his friend Mr. Whitmore with the wish to collect and preserve some of the many fine specimens of ancient manufacture, that had found their way into this country from the Continent, as well as to rescue from destruction relics of old England. In the monuments and carvings which had been removed from dilapidated churches, and in the furniture which had been turned out of the noble mansions of England—the 'halls' and 'old places'—Mr. Baylis saw the tangible records of the history of his country; and, desirous of upholding such memorials, he gleaned a rich harvest from the lumber of brokers' shops, and saved from oblivion articles illustrative of various tastes and periods, that were daily in the course of macadamisation or of being consumed for firewood.

The materials thus acquired were freely used by him in the construction of a new building upon the site of Vine Cottage, and adapted with considerable skill; but when neither the vine nor the cottage were in existence, it appeared to Mr. Baylis ridiculous to allow a misnomer to attach itself to the spot. After due deliberation, therefore, respecting the situation upon a delightful bank of gravel, and the association which an assemblage of ecclesiastic carvings and objects connected with 'monkish memories,' there collected, were likely to produce upon the mind, the new house was styled the 'Pryor's Bank.' But however characteristic and carefully selected this appellation might have been, that it was at first misunderstood or misrepresented by the facetious natives of Fulham, is proved from a Putney tradesman inquiring to what extent Messrs. Pryors' bank would discount good bills!"

Real old English hospitality has been always practised by the owners of Pryor's Bank, and their entertainments have usually been distinguished from those of every day by masques or plays, and the distribution of numerous literary *pieces de circonstances*. One of these, "the last new ballad," circulated at an entertainment given in 1843, during the Fulham regatta, we are led to reprint, as affording a bird's-eye view of the place:—

"Strawberry Hill has pass'd away,
Every house must have its day;
So in antiquarian rank
Up sprung here the Pryor's Bank,
Full of glorious tapestry,—
Full as well as house can be:
And of carvings old and quaint,
Relics of some mitre'd saint,
'Tis—I hate to be perfidious—
'Tis a house most sacrilegious.

Glorious, glowing painted glass,
What its beauty can surpass?
Shrines bedeck'd with gems we see,
Overhung by canopy
Of embroider'd curtains rare—
Woodrous works of time and care!
Up stairs, down stairs, in the hall,
There is something great or small
To attract the curious eye
Into it to rudely pry.

Here some niche or cabinet
Full of rarities is set;
Here some picture—'precious bit'—
There's no time to dwell on it;
Bronzes, china—all present
Each their own sweet blandishment.
But what makes our pleasure here,
Is our welcome and our cheer;
So I'll not say one bit more,—
Long live Baylis and Whitmore!"

A right pleasant day that was; and the gratification we have in recalling it leads us to risk a "pshaw!" from those of our readers who wish to find in our pages only the *practical*; in consideration of whom we will take the following dissertation on

PLATES AND DISHES,

suggested to the writer of the article already quoted, by the number and variety of those he finds in the kitchen. The history of them, he says, would afford an opportunity for a dissertation on the rise and progress of the fine arts in this country, as they present most curious and important specimens of early drawing, painting and poetry. "The old English plate was a square piece of wood, which indeed is not quite obsolete at the present hour. The improvement upon this primitive plate was a circular platter, with a raised edge; but there were also thin, circular, flat plates of beech-wood in use for the dessert or confection, and they were gilt and painted upon one side, and inscribed with pious, or instructive, or amorous mottos, suited to the taste of the society in which they were produced. Such circular plates are now well known to antiquaries under the name of 'roundels,' and were at one time generally supposed by them to have been used as cards for fortune-telling, or playing with at questions and answers. More sober research into their origin and use, shews that they were painted and decorated with conventional patterns by nuns, who left blank spaces for the mottos, to be supplied by the more learned monks; and a set of these roundels generally consisted of twelve. As specimens of the style of these mottos about the time of Henry VII. or VIII., the following may be taken:—

'Whersoeuer thou trauelyste,
Este, Weste, Northe, or Southe,
Beware vber to lode
A grete horse in the mouthe.'

* P. 150, *ante*.

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